



THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 1 Aug. 1962



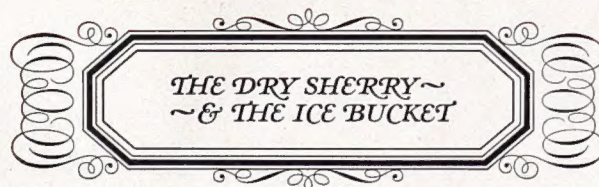


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THE TATLER 1 August 1962



PHOTOGRAPHED BY IRVING PENN



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This is the picture that last year launched a thousand conversations. *Chill a sherry? Anything as fine and subtle as Harvey's Bristol Dry? It sounded incredible!*

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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

1 AUGUST, 1962

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In the cool, cool, cool of the evening it's the cool look in make-up that counts. Lidbrooke's cover picture provides the reverse side of the August fashion coin. He photographs day-time clothes for the dog days on page 240. More August diversions are chronicled (page 232 onwards) in Alex Low's evocative picture parade of Summer evenings on the river. And girls who are really with it this summer can pay lip service to beauty in Elizabeth Williamson's Good Looks presentation on page 252

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Goodwood Races, to 3 August.
Norfolk Red Cross Ball, Westacre High House, near Swaffham, 3 August.

Summer Ball, Bryanston School, Dorset, in aid of Dorset Historic Churches Trust, 3 August.

Cowes Week, 3-11 August.

Dublin Horse Show, 7-11 August.

Minden Ball, in aid of K.O.S.B. regimental charities, Paxton House, Berwick-on-Tweed, 10 August.

Grouse shooting starts, 13 August.

Old Amblefordians v. Downside Wanderers cricket match, Hurlingham Club, 12 August.

Seaview Club Ball, Seaview, Isle of Wight, 17 August. (Details, Mr. Richard Longland, 4 Madeira House, Seaview).

Edinburgh Festival, 19 August - 8 September.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Redcar, today & 2; Thirsk 3, 4; Leicester, Newmarket, 4; Epsom 4, 6; Newcastle, Folkestone, 6; Ripon, Wolverhampton, Chepstow, 6, 7; Brighton, 7-9; Pontefract, Yarmouth, 8,

9; Newmarket Summer Meeting, 10, 11 August.

POLO

Goodwood Week Tournament, Cowdray Park, to 6 August.

CRICKET

Canterbury Cricket Festival, 4-24 August.

GOLF

Scotland v. Scandinavia, Troon, 2, 3 August.

MOTOR RACING

Aintree Trophy Meeting, 6 August.

CROQUET

Open Championships, Hurlingham, to 4 August.

SAILING & REGATTAS

Assembling of Tall Ships, Dartmouth, 4 August.

Wroxham Week, to 4 August; **Salcombe Town Regatta**, to 4 August; **Menai Straits Fort-night**, to 11 August.

R.O.R.C. Channel Race, Portsmouth, 3 August

MUSICAL

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. nightly, except Sundays. (KEN 8212.)

London's Festival Ballet, Royal Festival Hall. Programme includes *Scheherazade*, *Petrouchka*, *Spectre De La Rose*, *Coppelia*, *Etudes*, *The Snow Maiden* and *Swan Lake*. 8 p.m. nightly, matinees Saturdays & Bank Holiday, 5 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

Victoria & Albert Museum concert, by Philomusica of London, 7.30 p.m., 5 August.



● The benevolent-looking batsman is spine-chiller Boris Karloff. Fielding, the camera crew from A.B.C. television's *Teddington studios*. The game was played during a break in the filming of *Out of this World*, the series of Sci-fi horror plays which Karloff introduces

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 26 August.

2,000 Years of Egyptian Art, Royal Academy, to 12 August.

Pamela Blake, gouaches of London, Medici Gallery, Grafton St., to 8 August.

Alexander Calder, mobiles & stables, Tate Gallery, to 12 August.

Drawings From the Bruce Ingram Collection, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 16 August.

Drawing Towards Painting, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, to 18 August.

Industrial Painters Group, Guildhall Art Gallery, to 18 August.

Vladimir Favorsky, 1912-1960, Grosvenor Gallery, to 17 August.

Charles Farr, Seven Arts Gal-

lery, Old Bond St., to 17 August.

EXHIBITIONS

1862 Exhibition Centenary, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 30 September.

Regency Exhibition, Brighton Pavilion (George IV Bicentenary), to September.

Guild of Gloucestershire Craftsmen, Painswick, 4-5 August.

FIRST NIGHTS

Aldwych Theatre. *A Penny For A Song*, tonight.

Oxford Playhouse. *Domino*, 6 August.

Piccadilly Theatre. *Marcel Marceau*, 13 August.

Mermaid Theatre. *Purple Dust*, 15 August.

Her Majesty's Theatre. *Look Up Your Daughters*, 16 August.

BRIGGS by Graham



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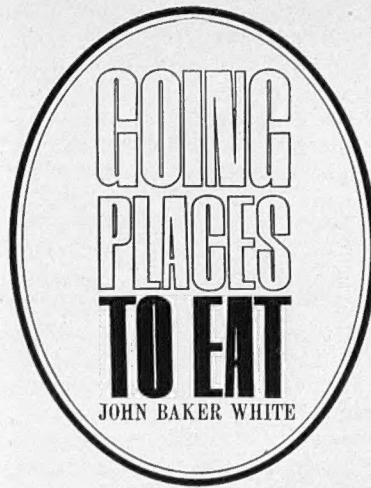
Marylebone triangle

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

The Georgian, 73 Wigmore Street. (WEL 1758.) Open 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. C.S. If you are shopping in this part of the world and want a light meal or just a cup of tea or coffee, this place is worth remembering. Savoury and hot toasted sandwiches and omelettes are among the specialties. Unlicensed, but they will fetch you a glass of wine from the Pontefract Castle next door, which, like Le P'tit Montmartre across the way, is under the same ownership.

Connaught Hotel grill room, Carlos Place. (GRO 7070.) In the coming months I shall have to entertain friends from abroad to whom I want to give a good impression of British restaurant standards. This will be one of the places to which I shall take them to enjoy good food, outstanding wines and attentive service in unusually



pleasant surroundings. It is not cheap—the main courses are about 17s. 6d.—but it is good value. W.B.

La Speranza, 179 Brompton Road. (KEN 9437.) C.S. There are a few—and alas, they are getting fewer—restaurants where generation follows generation. You take your children as they are growing up. When they are “courting” or married they

take themselves, and so it goes on. La Speranza is one of them. With its fine mirrors, wine-red chairs and banquettes, it maintains an unchanging air of dignity. The food is mainly Italian and French. I give full marks to the *escalope de veau ambassadeur*, and they know, what many restaurants do not, how to cook courgettes. I was disappointed with the fresh fruit, but that happens in many places. The wine list contains Italian wines of their own importation and bottling, at the modest price of 15s., also a Vosne-Romanée 1934 at 40s. W.B.

Forest fancy

If you are exploring the Wye Valley or the fascinating backways of the Forest of Dean, the **George Inn** at St. Briavels is a place to remember. Here you will find home-made meat pies, cold chickens that really taste of something, sound cheese, fresh bread, home-pickled onions, and top-quality

draught ale. Outside the pleasant bar is a courtyard gay with coloured umbrellas and comfortable chairs. And you could not grumble about the prices.

... and a reminder

Daquise Restaurant, 20 Thurloe Street. (KEN 6117.) First-class cooking at moderate prices and friendly service.

Châteaubriand, May Fair Hotel. (MAY 7777.) Joseph Della is now in charge. High quality meat is but one of the many specialties.

Garners, 27 Wardour Street. (GER 1287.) A friendly, comfortable restaurant with sea-food as one of its specialties.

Wolfe's, 11 Abingdon Road, Kensington High Street end. (WES 6868.) Creative cooking in the French style, and some English wines.

Jardin des Gourmets, 5 Greek Street. (GER 1816.) As it has been for a long time, first-class French cooking.



Tom Ellery, not yet 30, has just consolidated his position near the top of the design world by opening his own office in Hanover Square. He specializes in all aspects of visual promotion, from fashion to interior decorating. Born in Wales, he came to London nine years ago, moved through several stores, became the first British designer to hold senior decorating position at Saks in 5th Avenue, New York, and returned to this country to design the interiors, display fittings and windows of the new Rackhams store in Birmingham

Guided or solo?

I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT MY OWN attitude towards sightseeing is quite simply to look, hoping to find something beautiful. I was diverted from this somewhat banal objective by my guide in Ravenna who, between churches, sat me down for a much-needed cup of *capuccino* and proceeded to lecture me on the finer points of early Byzantine history. I saw the remaining churches and mosaics with a new clarity and was grateful to her. Guides are not always so sympathetic. I remember on my first, uninstructed, visit to Greece admiring what I thought a beautiful and well-preserved Apollo in the museum at Delos. "That," said the guide in a voice laden with scorn, "is *Roman*...!"

I was at the time on a cruise ship tour, and I envy no guide who has to cope with and instruct 40 disparate people, some of them classical scholars, others complaining that their backs ache. And in their very scope some of these tours are too compact, too hurried. Greece represents the origins of our own civilization, its legends the themes of drama that link Sophocles and Euripides with Sartre and Cocteau. One has to digest and not merely be aware of the fact that, in 4,000 years, nobody has improved on the acoustics of



the theatre at Epidaurus. The brooding magnificence of the mountains at Mycenae split the mind between its awesome beauty and the bloody dramas of revenge, the legends of Clytemnestra and Agamemnon, by which the place still seems haunted. Who wants to listen to a guide who is trying to explain how the first drains in the palace were built, and where?

Whether to take a guide or a book is a vexed question. Returning to my original point, I still maintain that the purely beautiful is best enjoyed alone. Never shall I forget Delphi, desolate and deserted on a brilliant December day, and beautiful beyond reasonable belief. No doubt I missed some telling facts, but I am content

with the mental image of it that remains. Rather the same applies to Baalbek, but this is partly because most Lebanese guides are simply information-reelers, unable to discuss or explain anything outside their set piece.

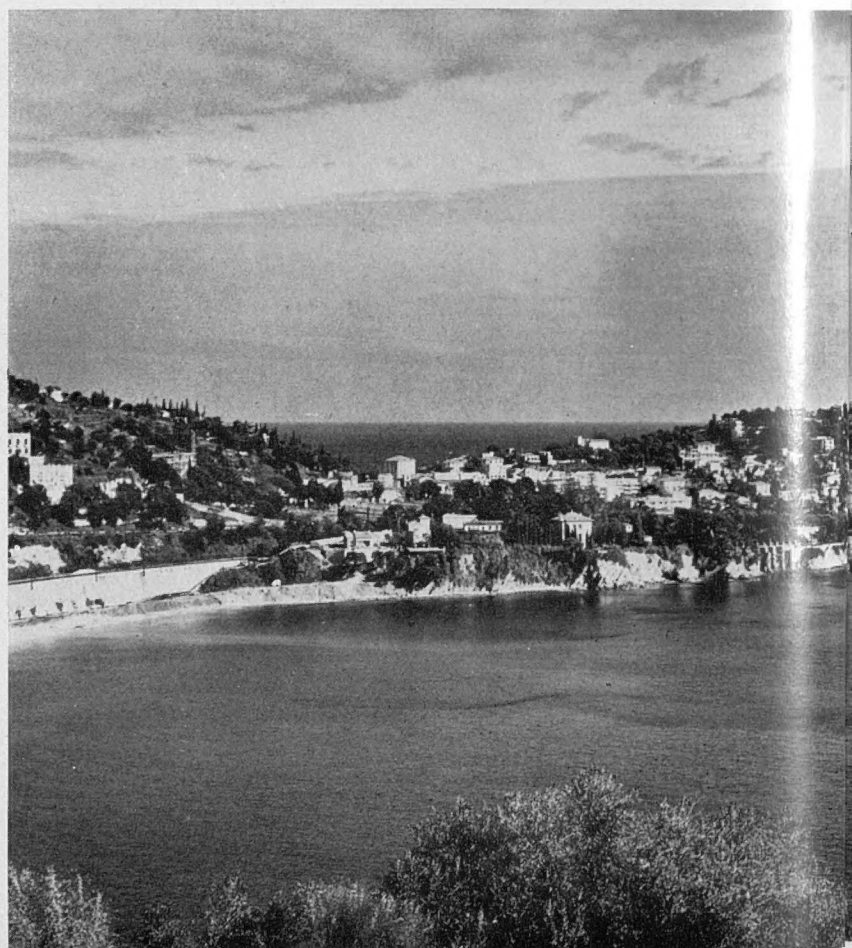
Many of the loveliest ancient sites—whole deserted cities like Leptis Magna, Ephesus and Side—are not sufficiently organized to have any guides at all, which from my viewpoint is just as well. On the other hand, in Egypt, where, for example, the tombs at Luxor are more significant than beautiful, a good guide can unlock a treasure trove of information. The local authorities have things well organized in Luxor, and not more than half a dozen people are allowed into a tomb at once. Even here, though, I found a book containing all the hieroglyphics and symbols and dates a great help. Among many, I commend a paperback, which can be bought locally, called *Aboudi's Guide Book*.

Not that everybody wants the historical facts that are so accurately, if dryly, set forth in classics such as the *Guide Bleu*. The *Guide Michelin* gives—again without any atmospherics—its accepted accolade of the best restaurants plus, in each city, the most important sights, starred in order of importance. The Guides now

cover Italy, Spain and the Benelux countries as well as France. The Automobile Association publish a useful Foreign Touring Guide that goes into detail on maps, frontier roads and formalities, ferries and hotels and gives also some brief historical notes. In the new edition, Greece, Finland, Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia have been added.

On the general level, I like Fodor's Guides. They cover in separate volumes 12 European countries, and there is a bumper-sized volume on the whole of the Caribbean. They attempt to give an idea of the flavour and background of their chosen countries, they tell what a place is *like*. Good, too, on hotels and restaurants as well as what to see and what to buy, but don't expect too much detail on art and history.

Of the enormous number of travel books and memoirs that exist, I list a few of my own constant companions. Though he writes only of the Peloponnese, Patrick Leigh Fermor's *Mani* says more about the feel of contemporary Greece than all the guide books put together. And his *Traveller's Tree*, notably lacking the usual travel-poster approach to the gorgeous Caribbean, does the same by that part of the world. A preparation for Greece of quite a different kind is *Greece in Colour*

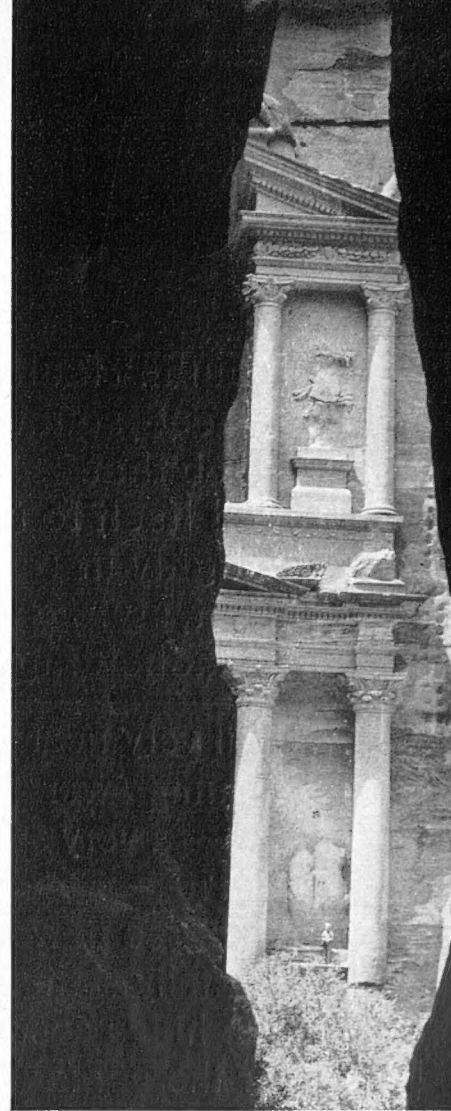


No guide book needed; Poros in Greece, Cap Ferrat in France, and (far right) Hong Kong harbour are land and seascapes that need no words to point their charm

(5 gns.' worth) with an introduction by Lord Kinross and superlative illustrations by R. G. Hoegler. Kinross is also enlightening on America (*The Innocents at Home*).

Bernard Berenson's *Passionate Sightseer*, the last of his published notebooks, treats lightly, elegantly and sometimes irreverently—but with what scholarship—Italy, Sicily and Libya. His *Italian Painters of the Renaissance*, now in paperback, is invaluable company for the Italian art towns. James Kirkup's *Horned Islands* is all atmosphere: a poetic piece of writing, and incidentally informative, about Japan. On the Near East, Julian Huxley's *From an Antique Land* is one of the best of its kind, taking past and present in an easy and unpedantic sweep. So, on its subject, is Elizabeth Bowen's *A Time in Rome*. So, for that matter, is practically everything that Rose Macaulay ever wrote. . . . Finally, though it is so heavy that one can hardly take it travelling, another magnificent Thames & Hudson production, *Thrones of Earth and Heaven* (which sets you back four infinitely well-spent guineas). Freya Stark, Stephen Spender, Cocteau, Berenson and Rose Macaulay have all contributed text to this most luxe of picture books of the ancient monuments of Europe and the Near East.

A. F. KERSTING



A guide book will help: The ancient city of Petra and (left) the church of Certosa di Pavia in Milan need explanation



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THE TATLER

THE HICKSTEAD HUMP



More than eighty riders from six countries competed in the Jumping Derby, main and final feature of the three-day event on the All England Jumping Course at Hickstead, Sussex. Here Mr. William Steinkraus of the U.S.A. team, on Sinjon, tackles the formidable Derby Bank, after which competitors had at once to contend with post and rails. Mr. Steinkraus, who came third, was judged the best stylist in the event. Muriel Bowen's report and more pictures by Van Hallan overleaf

THE HICKSTEAD HUMP

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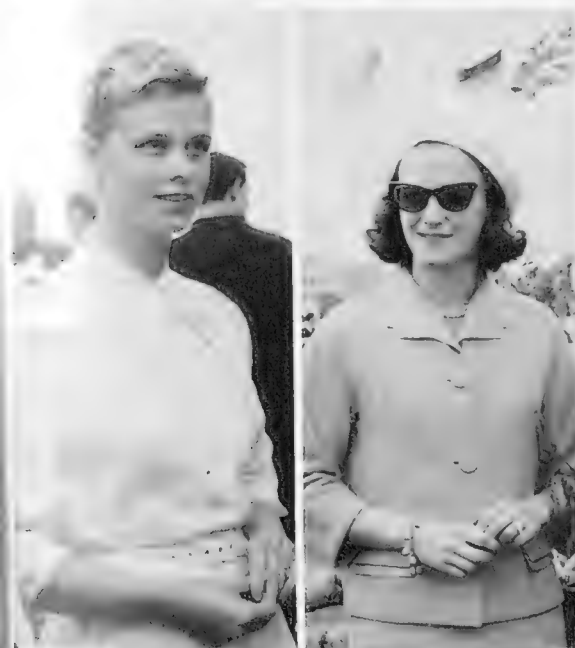
How the others took the bank at Hickstead. Above, the Hon. Diana Conolly-Carew on Barrymore. Right, Miss Kathy Kusner, of the U.S.A. team, on High Noon. Below, Miss Pat Smythe on Scorchin'. Miss Smythe went on to win the Jumping Derby on Flanagan



MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS



Mrs. Boon and Major George Boon. Below, Mrs. Robert Hall, winner of the Dressage Derbu, on Conversano Caprice



Left, Mrs. Douglas Bunn, wife of the Show Director. Right, the Hon. Mrs. Patrick Conolly-Carew

IN NO COUNTRY IN THE WORLD DO SO MANY little girls love horses, so the pigtail brigade lustily approved when show jumping's First Lady, Miss PAT SMYTHE, won the British Jumping Derby at Hickstead, Sussex, on the redoubtable Flanagan. Then for good measure another girl, LADY SARAH FITZALAN-HOWARD, won the Kidd Trophy for the best performance by a rider under 21.

Hickstead is the dream rapidly coming true of Mr. DOUGLAS BUNN, a show jumping barrister who wants to turn his place into a Glyndebourne of the horse and riding world. "I've got to get it established on a broad footing first," he told me. "But eventually I want it to be a place where people come and enjoy a champagne supper on the lawn on a summer evening, and watch good horses and riding." A crowd of 10,000 watched the Jumping Derby, and organizers of cricket and other dwindling sporting fixtures must envy Hickstead its position a couple of miles short of Brighton on the main London road.

Hickstead has cost a lot of money. Mr. Bunn reckons that laying out the grounds, building a course, a restaurant and stands have run to £30,000 in three years; about one-third of this being provided by a cigarette firm who are part sponsors. Event of the year is the Jumping Derby, modelled on the German Derby, which is reputed to be the toughest show jumping competition in the world. The famous bank is the main attraction at Hickstead. It is 10 ft. 6 in. in height with an obstacle on top and a high post-&-rail a stride away on the landing side. British international rider Miss MARY BARNES had everybody gasping when her diminutive Sudden launched off the summit. Most of the other horses preferred to crawl down a bit before jumping off.

Among people performing or watching I saw Mr. & Mrs. ROBERT HALL, THE HON. MRS. MAX AITKEN, CAPT. & Mrs. JACK WEBBER, LT.-COL. & Mrs. R. L. V. FRENCH BLAKE, Mrs. HENRY WHYMALEN, THE HON. MRS. KIDD who keeps a caravan parked in the grounds for the season, Mr. & Mrs. W. H. J. CARTER, Mr. ANTHONY BARTLEY, Mr. & Mrs. TIM BURRELL, and Mr. & Mrs. K. O. COTTELL. During the show Mr. & Mrs. Bunn gave a party for the international riders. There were drinks and a buffet in a marquee on the lawn and dancing in what remains of an old castle. "We kept the lawnmowers in it and then, last winter, I thought that if we put a floor down it would be good for dancing," Mrs. Bunn told me.

THE QUEEN'S WINNER

An interest in international show jumping brought many of those present to Lingfield, Surrey, for the first race meeting ever held as a benefit for the British Olympic Games & International

Equestrian Fund. And it was appropriate that the Queen, who takes such a close interest in our international riders and horses, should have won the Kirk & Kirk Stakes. It turned out to be the most thrilling race of the day. Six of the nine horses in the race seemed to pass the post in line, but the photograph showed the Queen's Aubusson to have certainly his whiskers, and perhaps a little more, in front. This exciting race made everybody's day and for the Queen it must have been especially thrilling. She bred Aubusson. He is by her stallion Aureole, the biggest money-spinning sire of last year. Aubusson, a bay, does not behave like his tempestuous father, which must be a relief. Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort summed him up this way: "He's a nice, quiet, well-behaved horse. Not at all a wild character!"

Prince Philip was racing, too, and left after the first race to go and watch polo at Cowdray Park. His smiling face as he left set racegoers a bit of a puzzle. Was it due to his enjoyment of the first race, or to the pleasure of escaping five more? The answer remained his secret. Others racing included LORD RUPERT NEVILL, who was host to the Queen and Prince Philip for their weekend in Sussex, Mrs. VICTOR MCCALMONT, Mr. & Mrs. EDWIN MCALPINE, LADY SASSOON, and Mr. & Mrs. BASIL MAVROLEON. Her Zeus Boy made her the richer by £1,552 16s. by winning the Simpson (Piccadilly) Stakes. Also at Lingfield were the EARL OF ROSEBURY—his silver grey bowler added a nice sartorial touch—THE HON. Mrs. GEORGE LAMBTON, Miss PHILIPPA ANDREAE, SIR GEORGE & LADY MELISSA BROOKE, Mrs. JOHN PALMER, Mrs. TOM LILLEY, LT.-COL. & Mrs. "BABE" MOSELEY, and the EARL & COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND, who were being asked by friends about the Blenheim Palace ball which they had attended the night before.

THE SPEAKER'S PARTY

The annual series of parties given by the Speaker of the House of Commons, SIR HARRY HYLTON-FOSTER, and THE HON. LADY HYLTON-FOSTER at the Speaker's House could not have come at a better time. Nerves were somewhat frayed as a result of the Cabinet changes, and this was the first opportunity for politicians to be able to relax in each other's company since the reshuffle took place. That they did so, so amiably, was doubtless the result of a good cup of tea for which the Speaker's House is noted, a tradition admirably carried on by the Hylton-Fosters.

Mr. GEOFFREY RIPPON, M.P., at 38 the new Minister of Public Buildings and Works, was introducing colleagues to his wife, who wore a bright yellow linen suit and a gay sombrero white hat. Public Buildings is a new appendage to Works. "I will have a lot to do with the building industry . . . people are not going to be prepared to wait until 2060

CONTINUED ON PAGE 227

FUND-RAISING RACES

The Olympic Games and International Equestrian Fund benefited from the Lingfield race meeting at which the Queen saw her horse Aubusson win the Kirk & Kirk Stakes



Col. & Mrs. R. E. N. Pratt



Left: Brig. & Mrs. G. Plomer. Far left: Sir George Burt and Mr. Jim Woolway

PHOTOGRAPHS - VAN HALLAN



Right: Mrs. A. J. Hill, Miss Rosalind Hill and Mrs. S. Elliott. Far right: Miss Judith Ellis





ROOF- TOP PARTY

The steeple of St. Michael's, Chester Square, became the backdrop for a rooftop party given by the Hon. Vere & Mrs. Harmsworth after the premiere of the film *Tiara Tahiti*



Left: *The Hon. Mrs. Vere Harmsworth, the hostess.* Right: *The Earl of Hardwicke.* Far right: *Lady Edith Foxwell, wife of the producer of Tiara Tahiti*



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



Left: *Viscount Bury and Miss Nicole Praloran.* Far left: *Vicomtesse de Ribes twisting with M. de Lagarda*

Miss Clarissa Biddulph, daughter of Major & Mrs. Anthony Biddulph, of Rodmarton Manor, near Cirencester, was married to Mr. James Ferard, son of the late Lieut.-Col. Richard Ferard, and of Mrs. Ferard, of Tredean, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, at Cirencester parish church



THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE BRIDE



Miss Zia Foxwell and her mother, Lady Edith



Lady Preston received by the bride's parents, Major & Mrs. Anthony Biddulph



Mrs. Richard Ferard, the bridegroom's mother and Mr. Peter Millar, the best man. Left: Helen Stockley and Diana Cripps were the youngest bridesmaids



MURIEL BOWEN CONTINUED

to get a house of their own," he told me.

Mrs. JULIAN RIDSDALE, whose husband is the new Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Air, said cheerily that as a result of his appointment, holiday plans had gone by the board. Mrs. NIGEL FISHER was saying that, of all the jobs, her husband got the one he most wanted—Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Like Mrs. Ridsdale she has to be philosophical about time off. "We're not going to be able to have the nice long holidays that we used to have in Ireland," she said a little sadly.

People whose holiday plans remained unchanged included Wing Comdr. ROBERT GRANT-FERRIS, M.P.—off to Greece to join his yacht, *Taurima II*—and Sir BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P., & Lady BAXTER, who go to Malta to stay with their son-in-law and daughter, Lt.-Comdr. & Mrs. BRIAN STARK. Also at the party were Major-Gen. Sir DOUGLAS & Lady CAMPBELL, Mr. GEORGE DEER, M.P., & Mrs. Deer, Mr. & Mrs. FERGUS WILLIAMSON, Mr. A. P. COSTAIN, M.P., & Mrs. COSTAIN, Comdr. & Mrs. E. R. COLLINS, and the Netherlands Ambassador & Baroness BENTINCK.

There were plenty of background stories of the Cabinet changes. I liked best the one of the two M.P.'s, now both Parliamentary Secretaries, who studiously avoided each other as they awaited a cab outside the Houses of Parliament. Then the shortage of cabs forced them to share. One M.P. said he was going to his club, the other asked to be put down, "anywhere near the top of Whitehall." After some uneasy exchanges and explanations they both turned up, together, in Mr. Macmillan's ante-room at Admiralty House!

TAHITI PARTY

The lights of London looked like a plundered jewel chest of diamonds and amber from the roof of THE HON. VERE & Mrs. HARMSWORTH's new penthouse in Chester Square. The occasion was a joint celebration—a housewarming for the Harmsworths' new London home and a salute to an old friend and new neighbour, Mr. IVAN FOXWELL, whose lavish and spectacular film *Tiara Tahiti* opened at Leicester Square just before the party.

It was one of those brightly original parties we often see in the country but all too seldom in London. A Tahitian house had been built of bamboo poles on the roof, and round it was a courtyard lit by stable lanterns. There was twisting in the drawing room (where presumably the foundations could stand it better) and more formal dancing in the Tahitian house.

Despite the care that Mrs. Harmsworth took about things, there was the inevitable housewarming hitch. The lift stuck with a load of guests and the

DUCHESS OF BEDFORD rushed from one floor to the next trying to discover where it was stranded. One of the people inside was her husband.

At the party or at the première which preceded it I saw the DUKE & DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT, Mr. & Mrs. THOMAS WELDON, Lady EDITH FOXWELL in an exquisite dress of yellow and white, THE HON. GAVIN & Lady IRENE ASTOR, Sir MICHAEL & Lady BALCON, Mr. & Mrs. CLOUDESLEY SEDDON, Baron & Baroness EUGENE DE ROTHSCHILD, Lord & Lady GEORGE SCOTT, and Mr. & Mrs. NOEL MURLESS, Mr. & Mrs. PHILIP GREEN, Sir DEREK & Lady GREENAWAY, Mr. & Mrs. C. J. LATTI, Miss TESSA PRIN, Mr. & Mrs. COLIN LESSLIE, Mr. TED KOTCHEFF, and Mr. & Mrs. HENRY TIARKS, who told me that their daughter the Marchioness of Tavistock and her husband are putting the finishing touches to their new London house, which is near her parents'.

THE CITY HAS A KNEES-UP

The City had never seen a social gathering like it. But whatever the City of London does it has a way of adding grist to its majestic mill and so it was when the Lord Mayor, Sir FREDERICK HOARE, & Lady HOARE, invited 400 of the City's Mrs. Mopps to a party at the Mansion House.

The party was held on the last day of the Festival in the massive Egyptian Hall—the place where the Queen and City dignitaries had gathered on the Festival's opening night. The assembled Mrs. Mopps wore copies of Paris dresses and West End hairstyles and their party started with tea and went on through beer and sherry to a cabaret and dancing. "It really threw me, the energy they had—especially after the sherry and beer—considering most of them are working at 4 a.m.," said the Lady Mayoress, who joined in the gay abandoned climax of the evening—*Knees Up Mother Brown*.

The whole idea was Lady Hoare's. "I felt that everybody was enjoying the Festival and I wanted to bring the Mrs. Mopps into it, too," she told me. "They do such a wonderful job in keeping the City clean." The whole thing was an insight into that tremendous and imaginative flair which Lady Hoare brings to entertaining during her husband's year of office. Those who always had a high regard for the City as a business institution now applaud it for having a heart.

THE LITTLE SEASON

Each year we publish a list of the private parties and dances arranged for the Little Season. In the past this has been devoted entirely to the parties for girls coming out. But this year we are broadening its appeal to include coming of age parties and wedding anniversaries. If you have not already sent us your party date we would be glad to hear from you—but before 25 August. The list will appear in our 12 September issue.



Miss Belinda Scarlett and Miss Celia Pitman

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

Sir Peter & Lady Scarlett



Mrs. Martin Gibbs, Mr. Julian de Lisle and Mrs. Mark Harford



BROKEN DOLL

PHOTOGRAPHS: MICHAEL PETO



Stravinsky's modern classic *Petroushka* as performed by the Royal Ballet will be televised in its entirety by the B.B.C. on Sunday. Alexander Grant (*left*) has the title role. Together with a Moor (Keith Rosson) and a doll (Nadia Nerina, *below*), he performs in a touring marionette show run by a magician (to be danced by Franklin White). But

off stage basic emotions run riot when Petroushka falls in love with the doll, who in turn is more fascinated by the exotic Moor. Inevitably this leads to violence, and Petroushka is left broken-hearted, the question remaining—has the wooden puppet a human soul? Stravinsky's music, violent and highly-coloured,

uses Russian folk tunes and there is a vital piano part which will be played by Jean Gilbert. John Lanchberry conducts the orchestra of the Royal Opera House and the original sets and costumes of Alexandre Benois will be used. This is the third ballet to be recorded under the TV—Royal Ballet contract. Producer: Margaret Dale



Lord Kilbracken

DISCOURSE WITH DAME PEGGY

IT WAS A VERY GREAT DELIGHT TO MEET FOR the first time Dame Peggy Ashcroft, whom I've admired for rather more than a quarter of a century. She had just returned from Paris where she won the Best Actress award at the International Theatre Festival for her performance in John Barton's *The Hollow Crown*—"An Entertainment by and about the Kings & Queens of England," as the programme describes it. No British actress had previously won this important award, and I can think of no one more appropriate than Dame Peggy to have done so. She was, I well remember, a special heroine of my schooldays (though now, somehow or other, we have become much of an age). I vividly recall her, in that decade before the war, as Rosalind and Portia and Imogen and Juliet, in *The Three Sisters* as Irina and in *The Importance Of Being Earnest* as Cecily. No such play was complete, as far as I was concerned, unless Peggy Ashcroft was playing in it—with Gielgud usually opposite her.

The West End, in those days, was her true centre of gravity. After the war, it tended to move to Stratford-on-Avon—Beatrice and Cordelia in 1950, Cleopatra and Portia in 1953, Rosalind and Imogen in 1957—but she still delighted London, too, as Viola, for example, and as Electra. By now there must be few Shakespearian heroines she *hasn't* played (though I admit I can hardly see her in the role of Lady Macbeth). She became a C.B.E. in 1951 and was awarded the King's Gold Medal in Norway four years later. In 1956, she was promoted D.B.E., bearing her blushing honours thick upon her. Oxford last year made her an honorary D.Litt. Now Paris had added its tribute.

Actresses in general—and more's the pity, —are actresses and nothing more. Dame Peggy breaks this rule. She is a member of the Arts Council and also of the artistic

committee and council of the English Stage Company. In addition she accepts many civic and social responsibilities unconnected with the stage. When she joined me in Peter Hall's office at the Aldwych, she had come direct, for instance, from opening a new comprehensive school—called, appropriately enough, the Sarah Siddons school—at Paddington Green; and she bore with her the ribboned bouquet of roses and carnations.

It had occurred to me that *The Hollow Crown* was rather an unlikely vehicle for this latest of her honours, because it isn't a straight play in which she performs a single part, but a *pot-pourri* of speeches, letters and poetry, associated with British sovereigns from William the Conqueror to Victoria; and they are spoken rather than acted, and without props or costume. Dame Peggy switches, for example, from Mary Tudor to Queen Elizabeth I, from Victoria to Anne Boleyn. When I put this to her, she at once agreed; it was not, she said, a true dramatic performance.

"The organizers at the Theatre des Nations, in fact, were very doubtful beforehand as to whether it was a suitable production," she went on. "They would have preferred a Shakespeare play, so I was all the more surprised to be chosen for the award. On the other hand the production certainly offers the opportunity to perform in many different styles; it gives scope for versatility, which Paris appreciates. I think the French were fascinated, too, by the fact that we were allowed—and prepared—to criticize our own royalty through the ages; several people compared Bradshaw's interrogation of Charles I with the trial of General Salan. *The Hollow Crown* shows that kings and queens are mortal and have their weaknesses, but from it also emerges something of the mystique of monarchy."



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEX LOW

I reminded Dame Peggy of that decade before the war, in which, as I've mentioned, I have such vivid recollections of her, and she too recalled it happily. She pointed out that Gielgud's great aim had been to build up a permanent company. This, she believed, would never be possible nowadays without a considerable subsidy. Whatever her feelings about the thirties, there was no doubting her conviction that the theatre as a whole is more real and alive today, with more playwrights working convincingly and successfully about serious everyday problems, and with a great reservoir of talented young actors and actresses, than she has ever known it before. And she is thrilled at the prospect of the National Theatre, with which she will be associated as a member of the Arts Council. She has no preconceived ideas about its policies or methods, but feels it is "more than high time" that England caught up at last with other countries in this field. And the fact that it would not have anything approaching a monopoly of serious drama would make it more than ever alive.

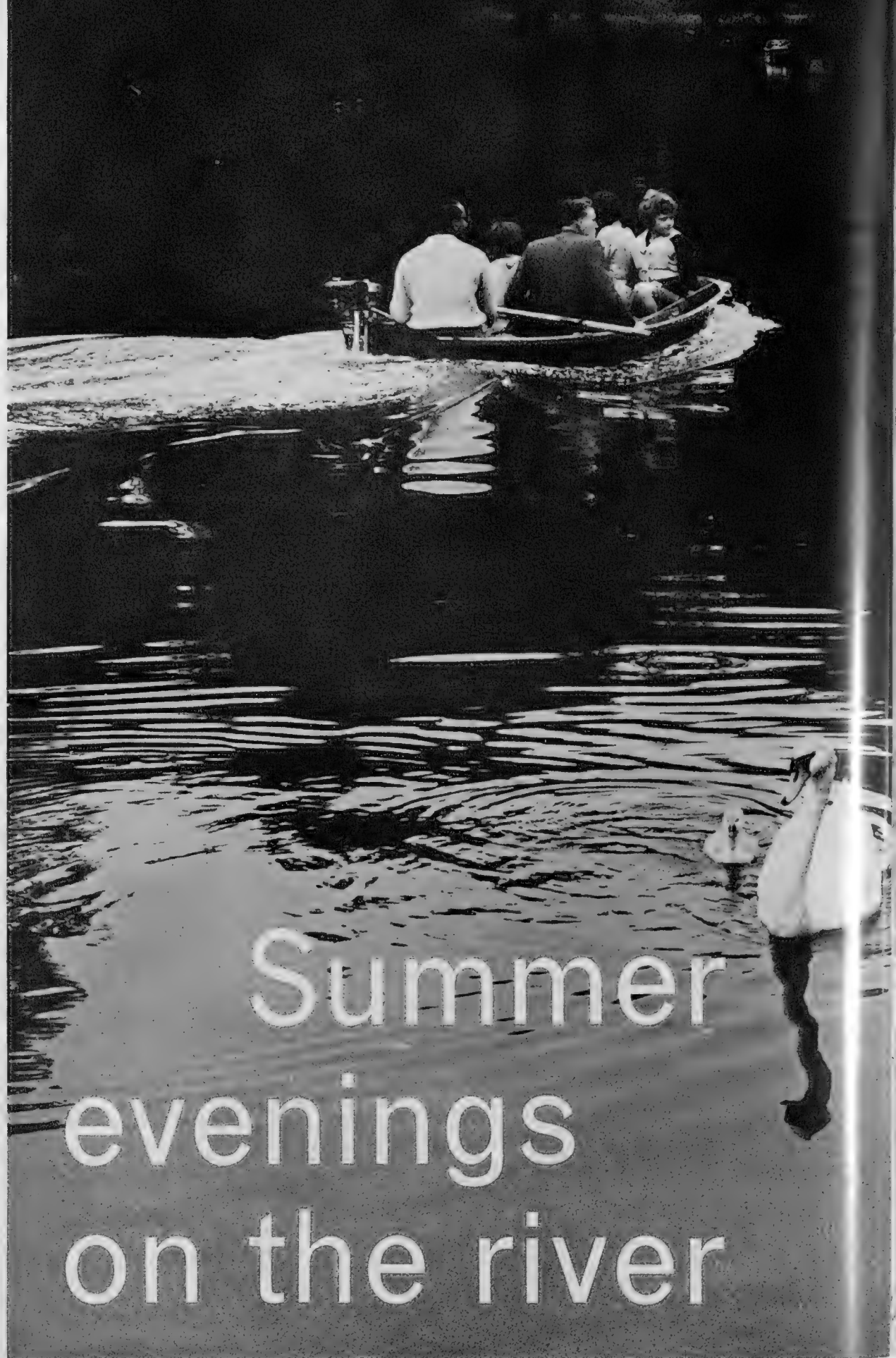
Dame Peggy, as ever, has many future projects. She is under long-term contract to the Royal Shakespeare Company which remains her chief commitment. *The Hollow Crown* is still put on from time to time—there will be three performances later this month at the Aldwych—where she plans to open in a new play this autumn when the Stratford season ends. As, our hour flown, I took my leave, it was perhaps inevitable that those too well-known lines should have come into my head:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom
stale
Her infinite variety . . .

But is there any Cleopatra, I wondered, to whom they are more applicable?



Voyage to the islands near Hurley, by outboard power (right) and (below) under sail



On more summer evenings than one cares to count the river is a winding steely strip of water, needle-dented by the lancing rain. It's a state of affairs philosophically accepted by the boating English whose flotillas nose nightly from Westminster to Marlow perpetuating a custom that was ancient even before Edmund Spenser first wandered by the Thames. Photographer Alex Low took counsel with the weather men before embarking on a voyage of rediscovery in the summer of '62. His pictures prove that for him the late sun shone.



The grounds (above) of Harleyford House slope down to the river. The Buckinghamshire mansion (seen below) was built in 1755 by Sir Robert Taylor and is now a club with moorings for motorboats



Thames voyages go best with a precise destination in mind. Marlow is a favourite point of disembarkation. Here river people gather to dine and dance at the Compleat Angler



The day's last pleasure boat cruises down-river from Windsor to Richmond



Rowing boats become rarer yearly, the Thames punts have all but disappeared



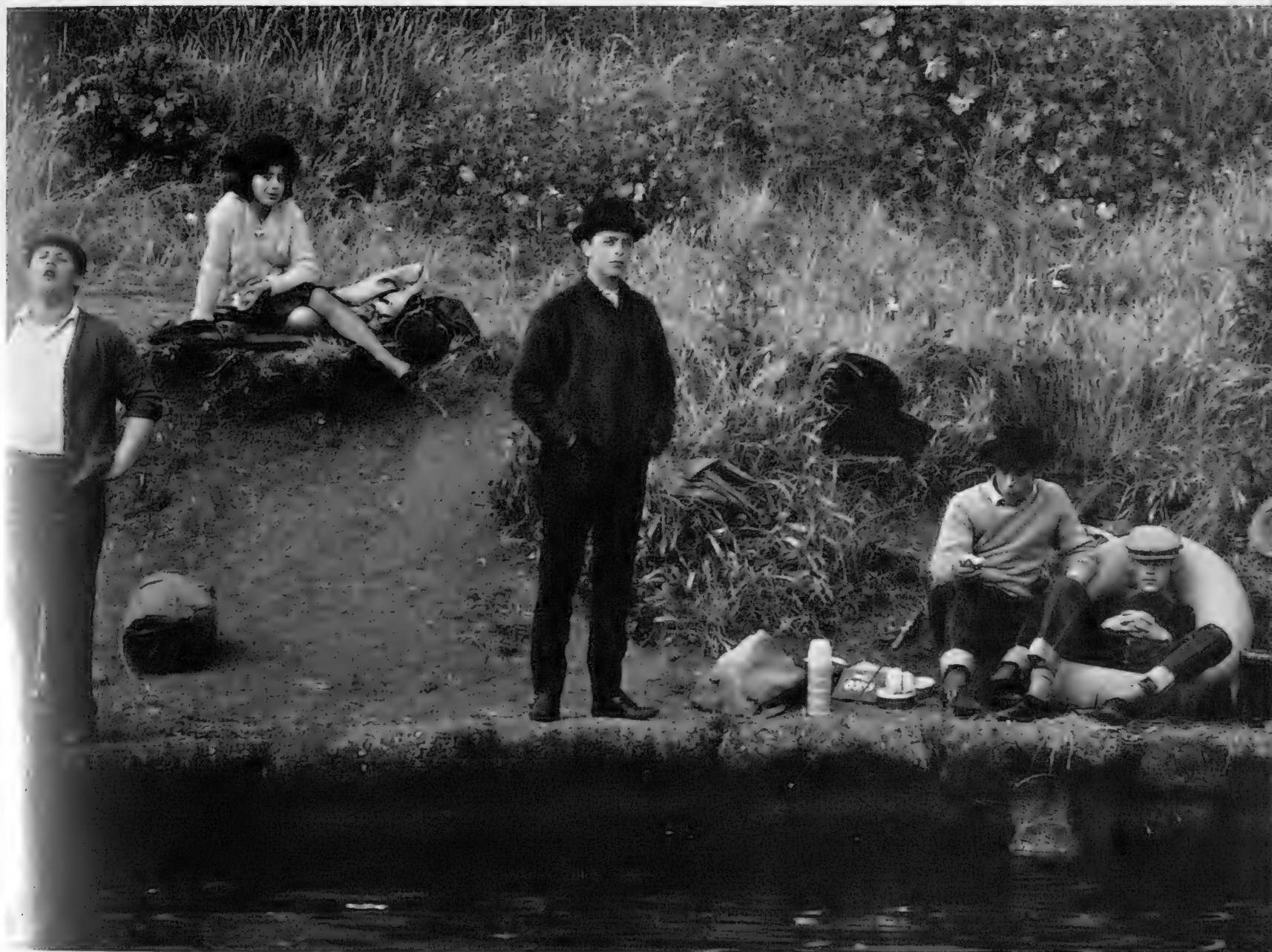
Long popular, still favourites, the gardens on Monkey Island draw many



A rival photographer trains his box camera from the Swan landing stage at Staines



Evening at Penton Hook Lock with its nearby Yacht Basin whose directors this year staged an ox-roasting to launch the boating season. Below: Riverside strollers watch the boats go by in the Teddington reaches



New on Monkey Island, the open-air barbecue has its tables along the river



There are those who sail and those who sit in rapt contemplation of a bobbing float. Thames anglers fare best at the weirs. These tried their luck near Molesey Lock



Once tents dotted the riverside meadows. Now car-drawn trailers park complete with civilized comforts



Party time on the Thames with evening dress and the sounding brass of a band



The evening sun illumines a dining scene on the Queen Elizabeth heading down-river on charter from Thames Launches Ltd.



ONE

Danish Bongo stools with fat suede cushions: £13 19s. 6d. each from Heals

TWO

Ditzel designed wideaway chair with orange back and seat, teak legs, imported by Scandia. £45 17s. 6d. at Harrods; Rackhams, Birmingham

THREE

Low slung solid teak rocker, zipped wool cushions: about £43. Available in September from Harrods; Bentalls, Kingston

FOUR

Pale faced ash high chair, rush seat: £9 12s. 9d. at Heals

FIVE

Whittled down palisander wood Danish chair by J. L. Moller. Black hide seat: £31 at Designs of Scandinavia; Oscar Woollens. Alternative: teak with a string seat: £18 10s.

SIX

Black hide armchair with grey wild silk down cushions by H. K. Furniture: £119 12s. 6d. at Heals; Kendal Milne, Manchester

SEVEN

Teak supports a shell of black leather from Sweden. A Swedia import, £73 10s. from Oscar Woollens: £56 12s. 6d. in fabric

EIGHT

Black pressed fibre glass shell on steel legs from Intercraft Designs, Berkeley Square: £14 3s. 6d.

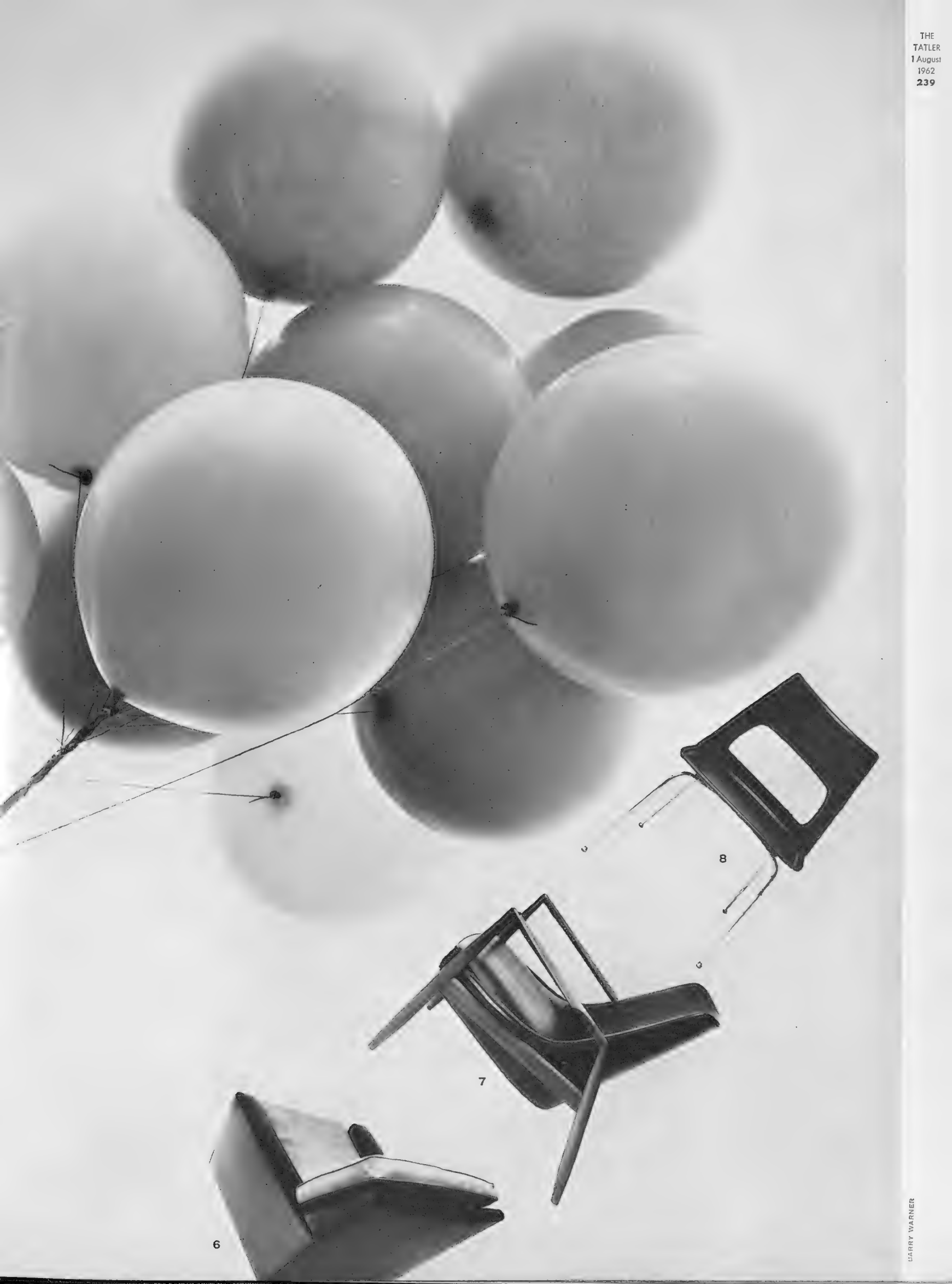
Making the first ascent alongside is a Danish design that underlines the elegance which marks most new things from Scandinavia



4

COUNTERSPY BY
ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON





6

7

8



DOG DAYS

PICTURES BY LIDBROOKE



Left: Frosted white broderie anglaise pyjamas for *café complet* on the terrace and breakfast beach parties. Long trousers, comfortably elasticized at the waist for snoozing, and collarless, buttoned jacket side-fastened with a little bow. From a selection of trousseau lingerie by Pierre Cardin at Carita, 12 gns. *Right:* Frivolous fad—the sun-downer suit. Willowy hip pants taper to the ankle, the sweater top cropped to the current brief look. Sensational co-ordination of white cotton trews and bolero: the generous ruffles of looped spaghetti fringe. By De Milo at Harvey Nichols, 25 gns.

Kick over the traces and sing a song of summer by the sea in holiday fashions chosen by Elizabeth Dickson



Below: Beachcomber brigand in pirate red and white stripes. Baggy harem trousers, rakishly pouffed for prettiness and elasticized for easy movement at the knees. Suntop slit at the side and tied in a large bow. Cotton shipwreck suit, by Ascher, about 9 gns. at Harvey Nichols; Chic of Hampstead; Cadogan Postal Service, St. Aubyns Mews, W.2. The Giselle scarf hood, a sweep of cyclamen silk chiffon, 39s. 3d. By Ascher, from Galeries Lafayette



Above: Fresh as the crest of the ocean wave, sun-worshipper suit like a miniature dress. The skirt slit at the side with hook fastening hidden by large silk buttons. In wearable, packable sea-blue cotton and Tricel denim with blue and white nylon frilling across the cold-shoulder top and more down the side of the dress. Teddy Tinling at Fortnum & Mason, 9 gns.

Left: The undeniable power of the naive little girl dress, in keyboard combination of white lawn embroidered with black forget-me-nots. Added innocence: velvet shoestring straps that cross over at the back and tie in tiny bows on the bodice. Wide band of black broderie anglaise etches hemline of the bouffant skirt. From Wallis at Marble Arch, Birmingham and Glasgow. 7 gns. Black velvet bandeau with centre bow. Aldo Bruno, 1½ gns.



Holiday tale: one plot, two happy endings. Capsule wardrobe of back-buttoning bolero top with tiny matching shorts for the beach, or with matador trews. In fine navy lawn with fish scales of scalloped white broderie anglaise and embroidery in delicate pink. Tracy of Bond Street, 31 gns. the set

Riviera yachting kit (*opposite*)—nothing better than the long-standing partnership of shirt and slacks. White linen fully lined in silk—the shirt belted at the hips and the sailor slacks slit at the ankles. Bold seam-stitching in black. By In Fashion at Army & Navy Stores, about 8 gns. the set





Skin-sleek swimsuit shaped to move perfectly with the body in or out of the ocean. What appears a bikini from the front becomes a one-piece with a single button fastening the bra straps to the pants at the back. In sand Helanca piped with pale green. Kiki Byrne, 5 gns.





Left: Daffy Edwardiana for picnics and patios. Outspoken tangerine, lime and white stripes for a bathing dress slashed across the hips and bodice by sissy frills. Tight pants cut at the knees, skinny shoulder straps. By Vito of Milan at Debenham & Freebody, 19½ gns.

Above: Sultry siesta threesome in geometrical printed cotton and towelling. Havana brown bathrobe lined in harmonizing cotton. Bikini with brief top, panel pleated playskirt with a design of brown and black scattered on white. By Paola Nucci, 22½ gns. the set. Noonday sunshade hat in rough brown straw sashed in emerald ribbon, 49s. 6d. All from Debenham & Freebody



VERDICTS

PLAYS

ALAN ROBERTS

UNCLE VANYA CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE (LAURENCE OLIVIER, MICHAEL REDGRAVE, LEWIS CASSON, ANDRE MORELL, SYBIL THORNDIKE, JOAN PLOWRIGHT, FAY COMPTON, JOAN GREENWOOD)

Third time lucky

THE MAN WHO EDITS THAT CORNER OF *The New Yorker* called "What Paper D'ya Read?" could have had himself a ball with our dailies' reviews of Sir Laurence Olivier's third production at Chichester. Typical of the many clashes of opinion:

"Uncle Vanya ideal for arena stage." —*Daily Telegraph*.

"This is simply the wrong play for the wrong stage." —*Daily Mail*.

More often than not criticism of the productions at this new theatre has been resolved into criticism of the arena stage and some critics have even suggested that Sir Laurence should get rid of the wretched thing and buy himself a proscenium arch. Since, however, the arena stage is there to stay and since there can be no such thing as an "ideal" play for it until someone writes one, I, at least, am content to criticize production only for the way in

which it meets, or does not meet, the special problems of this type of stage.

Seen in this light *Uncle Vanya* is a success and a good augury of greater successes to come when Sir Laurence has mastered the medium. After the criticism of inaudibility in his first two productions he has made sure this time that his cast "stand up and speak up." And he has realized that there is no necessity to keep the characters constantly on the move (although he, as Astrov the doctor, occasionally perambulates unnecessarily, and Sir Michael Redgrave is, initially at least, a curiously peripatetic Uncle Vanya).

The play is a prose-poem that needs only to be spoken well to be intensely moving. With only one unfortunate exception among the principals it is treated with such understanding here that its "meaning," so often the object of speculation in the past, must be clear to a child: that it is hope that makes the world go round.

Maybe you doubt the truth of this. Maybe you doubt that Chekhov really believed it. But I defy anyone to maintain either of these doubts during the closing scene of this production in which Joan Plowright, as the plain, homely Sonia, whose hopes of love have been brutally and finally crushed, is comforting Vanya and exhorting him to have courage.

This, arena stage or no arena stage, is one of the most moving things I have seen in the past 10 years of first-nights. One of the very few comparable with it was the same actress's performance as the heroine of Arnold Wesker's *Roots*. Then, as now, she penetrated the emotion barrier with the extraordinary qualities of sincerity and simplicity inherent in her acting. This power to move an audience deeply is all the more remarkable when we remember that in *The Chances*, also at Chichester, she is the biggest laugh-maker.

The naturalism of her Sonia would have delighted Chekhov. Only Dame Sybil Thorndike, as the old nurse to the Voynitsky family, matches this naturalism. She does

it simply by treating everyone else as children.

The other members of the cast bring to their roles different degrees of "theatricality," ranging from an easily tolerable one in the case of Sir Laurence, a just-tolerable one in the case of Sir Michael and an unbearable one in the case of Joan Greenwood, as Ilyena, whose beauty makes fools of both Astrov and Vanya.

No doubt plenty of evidence could be drawn from the text to justify Sir Michael's portrait of Vanya as an overgrown, petulant boy with a touch of St. Vitus' dance (both Astrov and Sonia treat him as a naughty child when he steals the doctor's morphia bottle, and only some nervous disorder can explain his failure to hit Serebriakov with two shots fired at point-blank range) and to support Miss Greenwood's posturing Ilyena. But even these traits could have been suggested by less disconcertingly overt means.

The more we compare these varied principal performances the more evident it becomes that Miss Plowright's is "right for this theatre. I have called her style "naturalism." I should have said simply that it is natural. And it is natural because it is not cluttered up with the paraphernalia of naturalism—the simulated mannerisms and nervous tics that are supposed to illuminate character but more often succeed only in obscuring, or distracting attention from, the dialogue. Her final speech was moving because through her Chekhov spoke direct, unhampered by gasps or groans or moans or any of the usual trimmings of stage emoting.

In this her method was Brechtian and so in keeping with Sean Kenny's starkly simple setting—a timber backdrop that, with the help of a subtle lighting change, serves both as exterior and interior walls of the Voynitskys' home. Nothing superfluous is added to the setting in an attempt to bolster up some preconceived idea of the play's mood. All that is left to Chekhov.



Vanessa Redgrave as Imogen in *Cymbeline* at Stratford-on-Avon. With her, Barry McGregor and Brian Murray



Reconstruction of the gardens of the Luxembourg Palace, Paris, in 1920 complete with Art Nouveau pram, from the new French film *Landru*. Charles Denner plays the mass-murderer, Hildegard Neff and Danielle Darrieux two of his 11 wives. Françoise Sagan wrote the script

FILMS ELSPETH GRANT

SOME PEOPLE DIRECTOR CLIVE DONNER (KENNETH MORE, RAY BROOKS, ANNIKA WILLS, ANGELA DOUGLAS, DAVID ANDREWS) **I LOVE, YOU LOVE** DIRECTOR ALESSANDRO BIASSETTI (NORMAN DAVIS DANCERS, SOVIET ARMY CHOIR & OTHERS) **BORN TO SING** DIRECTOR STEVE PREVIN (VINCENT WINTER, SEAN SCULLY, PETER WECK) **I THANK A FOOL** DIRECTOR ROBERT STEVENS (SUSAN HAYWARD, PETER FINCH, DIANE CILENTO, CYRIL CUSACK)

No pi for squares

NO DOUBT PRINCE PHILIP'S OUTWARD BOUND Scheme is an admirable thing for restless youth and deserves all the publicity it can get, but the prospect of seeing a film about it aroused little enthusiasm in middle-aged me. Movies in praise of good works are apt to be more than a mite mawkish. **Some People**, I am happy to report, is the exception. The propaganda is there all right, but Mr. John Eldridge's excellent screenplay is strong enough to carry it without embarrassment and The Scheme is fortunate in having Mr. Kenneth More as its eminently discreet advocate: nobody could be less "pi" or patronizing in his approach to the young people he seeks to help.

The three central characters (played with complete conviction by Messrs. Ray Brooks, David Andrews and David Hemmings) are Bristol boys of the "ton-up" brigade who, clad in black leather jackets and winkle-picker shoes, roar around the town on high-powered motorbikes—until they are involved in a scarifying accident. They lose their licences and are heavily fined. With time on their hands and nothing in their pockets they moodily prowl the twilight Bristol streets, looking for excitement. (These scenes have been most effectively directed by Mr. Clive Donner.)

The night's mischief ends with their entering an empty church, where Mr. Brooks beats out some jolly jazz on the organ while his two chums jive up and down

the aisle. The vicar's stern rebuke when he catches them red-handed makes the boys feel doubly like outcasts: they are bristling with resentment when Mr. More comes upon them. An aeronautical engineer by profession, he is the church's unpaid organist and choirmaster and takes a sympathetic interest in the young.

He appreciates that the boys meant no harm and tells them that if they want to make music they can bring their instruments to the church hall and have themselves a ball. They do, though lantern-jawed Mr. Andrews regards the whole thing with suspicion and soon withdraws—not wanting, as he says darkly, to be "got at." Messrs. Andrews and Hemmings meet Mr. More's teenage daughter, delightful Miss Annika Wills and, teaming-up with a pert, pint-sized blonde singer (Miss Angela Douglas), a coloured drummer (Mr. Frankie Dymon, Jun.) and a hi-fi expert (Mr. Timothy Nightingale), form a first-rate jazz combo.

During their enjoyable weekly sessions they learn of the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme and almost before you can say "Prince Philip" they decide to take part in it. They don't turn into plaster saints (their teenage talk remains quippy and flippant), but they do find that a useful occupation can be fun.

The boys' cramped homes, the lack of privacy and of communication between them and their parents are unemphatically illustrated, the young-love scenes are tenderly handled, the musical numbers are excellent of their kind (that it's a kind I can't abide is beside the point)—and if you want to know how to shrink a pair of jeans until they fit like your own skin, this very agreeable film will show you.

The critics emerged from **I Love, You Love** looking slightly stunned and wondering for whom this rum hotch-potch was designed. My guess is the Tired Business man. It opens nauseatingly with hordes of horrid little girls ogling crowds of beastly little boys at a circus performance and proceeds to demonstrate the manifestation of "love" at every stage of life from adolescence to old age. Scenes of sterling vul-

garity are interspersed with cabaret acts of quite dazzling brilliance—I liked best the sinuous, coloured Norman Davis Dancers, the engaging Obrazov Marionettes, and the thrilling Moissiev Ballet, and loathed the male strip-tease of Mr. Chaz Chase—and everywhere there are girls, girls, girls, photographed in pin-up poses and Technicolor. According to the credit titles, two Artistic Consultants advised on the film. What it really needed was a Good Taste Expert with a ruthless disposition and a sharp pair of shears in either hand.

The bright-faced, clear-voiced children of the Vienna Boys' Choir are the main attraction in Mr. Walt Disney's **Born To Sing**—and very cute they look in their little sailor suits. There is a slight story of jealousy between Master Vincent Winter and Master Sean Scully—whose trouble is that his voice breaks on the eve of a very special concert—but it doesn't really matter: the songs are the thing.

In **I Thank A Fool**—a ripe old piece of melodrama—Miss Susan Hayward, a doctor, is struck off and jailed for two years for giving an overdose of morphia to her incurably ill lover. On her release, Mr. Peter Finch, prosecuting counsel in her case, hires her as companion-nurse for his incurably mad young wife, Miss Diane Cilento.

Miss Hayward develops an uneasy feeling that Mr. Finch, knowing her to be guilty of one "mercy killing," rather hopes she will undertake another. He tells her Miss Cilento has been mentally unbalanced ever since a car crash in which her father, whom she adored, was killed—but Miss Hayward finds out that the father is alive and kicking at the ancestral home in Ireland.

Impulsively she takes Miss Cilento to visit him: she doesn't realize he (it's Mr. Cyril Cusack) is also mad until after he has killed off his daughter with an overdose of sleeping pills in circumstances cunningly contrived to throw suspicion upon Miss Hayward. It's a shocking mess. My advice to you is that of the Irish cop to the nosey bystanders when Mr. Cusack falls to his death from a top-floor window: "Stand well back!"

BOOKS SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

ON THE CONTRARY BY MARY MCCARTHY (HEINEMANN, 30s.) **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELEANOR ROOSEVELT** (HUTCHINSON, 42s.) **PERSONAL EXPERIENCE 1939-1946** BY LORD CASEY (CONSTABLE, 30s.) **A BOOK OF GIANTS** BY RUTH MANNING-SAUNDERS (METHUEN, 18s.)

The Snow Queen speaks

MISS MARY MCCARTHY IS A FORMIDABLE LADY who has written novels, criticism, the memoirs of her girlhood, a certain amount of coldly alarming journalism, and, most unexpectedly, a book on Venice, a city with an appeal too lush, one would have guessed, for the icy eyes of the Snow Queen of American letters. She has established a position for herself in America and, though I am far from sure what that position is, it undoubtedly carries with it no end of respect and authority. (It also permits her to write "commence" instead of "begin," which does something dreadful to my teeth.) Some of her criticism and occasional journalism has been collected together as **On The Contrary**, with the rather pompous sub-title of "Articles of Belief, 1946-1962." There are pieces about politics, ladies' magazines, girls at Vassar, a colonel who once met Miss McCarthy without knowing, poor simpleton, who she was and revealed himself as a rabid anti-Semite; about plays and novels, and about her own relationship with the Communist Party.

Everything Miss McCarthy writes has a glitter about it, everything is clearly in the handwriting of America's cleverest lady. The trouble with being so clever is that, as poor unpopular Prince Prigio discovered, it can so easily turn people—very unreasonably—against you. I have a theory, never yet disproved, that all extra-clever ladies

should be very careful to watch their tone of voice for any little waspish buzz that might creep in, and do their level best to include as many jokes as come naturally to them without any undue look of strain or duplicity. Miss McCarthy does not include too many jokes, and sometimes for a brief, awful, flashing second it has seemed to me possible that perhaps her mind is not so good that she can do without them. In her article called "The Vassar Girl," she writes: "I well remember, as a freshman member of the Vassar debate squad, being paired off with a poor freshman from Wesleyan (six and a half feet tall and chinless) when their team came to debate us on censorship . . ." and somehow one's heart goes out to the chinless one, and one prays that memory has healed all wounds.

Another formidable American lady has written her autobiography, called simply and with no damned nonsense **The Autobiography Of Eleanor Roosevelt**. Clumsily written, foursquare and expected in its attitudes, unyielding and absolutely severe in its determination to keep the reader at arm's length, it has the cheery, chatty quality of a woman's magazine column, and finally the same sort of negative facelessness. I would have liked to know more about what it felt like to be a plain little girl brought up by a grandmother, about what sort of private life was ever possible for Mrs. Roosevelt, whose book gives one the impression she lived permanently at a White House tea party or interviewing Mr. Khrushchev. I was pleased with a small, significant anecdote which should make all Great Mothers pause and think again—Roosevelt, entertaining George VI, said, "My mother does not approve of cocktails and thinks you should have a cup of tea." "Neither does my mother," said the King, taking a cocktail. And there is a strange, haunting and beautiful picture of Mrs. Roosevelt in a gondola on her honeymoon

in 1905, sitting on braided cushions in a braided skirt, high-necked white shirt and amazing tricorn hat, in her hand a Venetian straw belonging, one assumes, to her husband who took the photograph.

Lord Casey's **Personal Experience 1939-46** wins my heart by being so funny about matters of State, and because the author is so good-looking. I am mad about Keynes and Catto, when advisers to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, being known as Doggo and Catto, and I am made more than contented by the thought of the British Embassy dinner that was going stickily until Casey asked Halifax's personal assistant to sing a simple little song that began "Twenty years a parlourmaid in a house of ill repute, Twenty years a parlourmaid and *never* a substitute." Casey also once demonstrated the boomerang in Switzerland and hit a neutral cow. He appears to have got on admirably with Churchill, and makes no complaint—as does every other wartime remembrancer, including Mrs. Roosevelt—of the way Churchill never let anyone get to bed.

Now being the time the children urgently need something to do, now is also the moment to buy for them **A Book Of Giants** by Ruth Manning-Saunders, with pretty drawings by Robin Jacques. This is a thoroughly admirable giant-anthology, which revealed to me, among other things, that the basis of the marvellous plot of *The Travelling Companion* comes straight from *Jack The Giantkiller*, and I am specially devoted to a snatch of dialogue from *The Three Golden Hairs*, which proves once again, as if one didn't know, that the hero of every folkstory is really a small boy no more than five years old. It goes like this:

"Who are you?" said they. "What are you doing? And what do you know?"

"I am Prince Peterlin," said he. "I am walking on my way. And I know everything."

RECORDS SPIKE HUGHES

EARLY ENGLISH MUSIC BY THE PRO MUSICA ENSEMBLE **I QUATTRO RUSTEGHI** BY WOLF-FERRARI **ADRIANA LECOUVREUR** BY CILEA **RIGOLETTO** BY VERDI

Shawm, sackbut & all that jazz

AS ONE WHO AS LONG AGO AS 1927 ADVOCATED the use in jazz of the harpsichord and the *túragató* (the Hungarian hybrid of clarinet and *cor anglais*), I am a little surprised how far modern jazz still has to go in its search for exotic and unexpected instruments. Why, I wondered, when I heard the New York Pro Musica Ensemble playing them in their record of **Early English Music**, hasn't anybody yet cottoned on to the jazz possibilities of instruments like the shawm, the krummhorn, the sackbut and the cornett (which is quite different from the cornet)? By orchestrating the court music of Elizabeth I and James I for the instruments generally in use at the time, this New York group have most convincingly reconstructed all the virility and intriguing colour of Renaissance music. The dance tunes in particular are most exhilarating—another reason for thinking what an opportunity there is in jazz for these instruments.

Indeed, they are hyper-trad, and make a most fascinating noise (Brunswick—mono and stereo).

One of Sadler's Wells' most successful productions since the war has been Wolf-Ferrari's comic *School for Fathers*, and anybody who enjoyed it ought to be pleased to know that there is now a complete Cetra recording of the Italian original, **I Quattro Rusteghi** (OLPC 1239—three records, mono only, at the bargain price of 67s. 6d. the lot). This is another of those Second Division Italian operas which go on year in and year out on their home ground, pleasing audiences by their sheer good-natured refusal to pretend to be anything else. Wolf-Ferrari's *Rusteghi* makes all its comic points in its music, so if your Italian is only up to restaurant standard, you won't miss too much of the fun. No more, in fact, than a good many Italians, because the story is taken from Goldoni and is all sung in the soft lisping Venetian dialect, which can fox most Neapolitans, for instance. The Cetra recording is of a cheerful, lively performance, with Fernando Corena in cracking form as the principal father.

Sadler's Wells' recent success with another famous Second Division opera, Gordanò's *Andrea Chénier*, has not yet tempted them to try Cilea's **Adriana Lecouvreur**—perhaps wisely, for though its musical class is modest, it needs first-rate singing if it is to come off. Adriana is

said to be Renata Tebaldi's favourite role and her recent Decca recording of the complete opera (three records—mono and stereo) suggests why she planned to open the last Metropolitan season in it. The musicians' strike thwarted her, however, and New York, like London, has still not heard the opera for 50 years and more. *Adriana Lecouvreur* is honest-to-goodness ham, but nonetheless—or consequently—a most pleasing exercise for singers. Mario Del Monaco, long the unchallenged holder of the loudest pianissimo in the business, gives a thoroughly hearty and plebeian account of the aristocratic Count of Saxony. But one hardly has the heart to criticize; Mr. Del Monaco does so *enjoy* himself. There is a real gem of a performance from Giulietta Simionato as the Princess de Bouillon—a lady who must surely be closely related to Nancy Mitford's Duc de Souppes.

What had promised to be a wonderful experience—Joan Sutherland's Gilda in the new Decca **Rigoletto** (three records—mono and stereo)—has turned out to be the biggest disappointment of the season. Miss Sutherland seems to stand in sore need of musical care and protection, if not of a period of corrective training. Her Verdi has always been a bit shaky, but this is a very sad and soppy affair indeed. It is all a great pity, because the title role of this *Rigoletto* is exceptionally well sung by Cornell MacNeil.

GALLERIES ROBERT WRAIGHT

LONDON 1912-1962 LONDON MUSEUM ALFRED WALLIS PICCADILLY GALLERY

How bad they had it

TO MARK ITS GOLDEN JUBILEE THE LONDON Museum has mounted an exhibition of photographs in which the London of 50 years ago is contrasted with that of today. It is an eye-opener for all those who, like me, were born too late to know what life was like before World War I but who, through the subtle propaganda of the writers of that period, always think of it, with nostalgia, as *The Good Old Days*.

Cleverly arranged, the show creates an initial sense of euphoria with pictures of the upper, middle and lower classes at their leisure in 1912. There is Derby Day and the fair on Hampstead Heath, riding in Rotten Row and Saturday night in Peckham Rye (where the posters tell us Houdini and Albert Whelan are at New Cross Empire). There's the final performance at the Canterbury Music Hall, Lambeth (but there are still 60 other music halls and 20 theatres open in the suburbs).

Pictures of traffic jams in Oxford Street and congestion in the City (where even then the No. 11 buses apparently travelled in convoy) raise a smile. "Kitchens at Gatti's Restaurant," with its reminder that everyone's pleasure is someone else's work, and "Census Office, Millbank," with

its suggestion that child labour is still permitted, are easily brushed aside. Everything—or almost everything—is lovely. The workman in bowler hat and immaculate stiff white collar, climbing a lamp-post, is no less dignified than the proud Mama bringing out a debutante daughter; the laughing flower girls, in shawls and aprons, no less happy than the evening-dressed couple doing the Bunny Hug.

Oh yes, what good old times they must have been, we are thinking, when suddenly we turn a corner and come face to face with "The Slums"—a series of photographs of heartbreaking wretchedness in the East End. Suddenly the euphoria has gone and the exhibition has become deadly serious, the idea of a pint of beer for 4d. has lost its savour and everything about 1912—its buildings plastered with signs and posters, its belching, bone-shaking buses, its absurd fashions, its pathetic children dressed up like little old men and women—everything seems tawdry. And we are ready to move on to 1962, suitably conditioned to react favourably, even proudly, to the photographs of its stark but hygienic architecture, its healthier (and surely happier?) children, its workmen whose dignity needs no bowlers or stiff collars.

Alfred Wallis, 52 of whose paintings are on show at the Piccadilly Gallery, is an interesting little art phenomenon—with the accent on the "little." He is probably the only rag & bone merchant whose paintings hang in the Tate Gallery and in New York's Museum of Modern Art. He is also, so far as I know, the only deep sea fisherman

turned religious maniac whose paintings hang in those establishments.

Since his death in 1942, at the age of 87, efforts have been made to turn him into a legendary figure. That they have succeeded to only a limited extent is certainly not due to any lack of material in old Alfred's life for, in addition to supplying the facts I have just cited, he obliged the legend-makers by going to sea as a cabin boy at nine, working as a seaman in schooners crossing the Atlantic, marrying a widow with five children who was 25 years his senior, becoming the star eccentric of St. Ives, hearing "voices" and suffering from a persecution complex, deafness and near-blindness, selling his pictures for two or three bob a time and getting himself discovered by no less influential artists than Ben Nicholson and Christopher Wood.

No, the reason why the legend has failed to set the art world on fire is simply that Alfred's paintings are not remarkable enough fuel. That his paintings are genuinely naïve there can be no doubt, but those of his admirers who hail him as *the* great Primitive of this Century are, I think, the victims of a sentimental regard for his life story.

To compare him, as a note in the catalogue does, with "the great Cave painters" is nonsense. By any standards the artists of Altamira and Lascaux were great draughtsmen, undoubtedly conscious of their skill. Such charm as is to be found in Alfred Wallis's sea and landscapes derives not only from his childlike vision but also from the childish quality of his drawing.

DINING IN

Helen Burke

The snapper season

HERE WE ARE IN AUGUST AND AT THE BEGINNING of the runner bean season. In the New World, they are called "snap" beans, because if they are young enough, they can be snapped into ½- to 1-inch slices without the preliminary stringing that older beans need. There is no problem for those who grow their own. They can pick them when they are as small as young French beans. But the market gardener does not do this. With bulk in mind, he waits until the beans are so large that not only must they be strung but also cut on the bias into slender strips. This is a barbarous practice that results in every little bean being cut through and only "empties" on one's plate.

The ways of market gardeners are strange. Peas and broad beans, at the beginning of their seasons, are prematurely picked so that many of the pods one purchases are flat. Runner beans, on the other hand, are quite adult before being harvested. Inevitably, we must waste a good part of every pound we buy. Perhaps that is the idea.

Buy young runner beans, if possible. Snap them into suitable lengths and boil in salted water for the minimum time (15 minutes). Drain well. Put into a heated shallow vegetable dish and dot with enough butter to make a buttery sauce in the bottom of the dish, a portion of which can be taken out with each spoonful of the beans.

In this country, we do not do much more than that with runner beans, but why not

dress the cooked beans (snapped or whole) with oil and vinegar and serve them in hors d'oeuvres? Or have them in SALAD NICOISE, which is never quite the same because it depends on what one has on hand. If made in sufficient portions and served on individual plates, this salad can quite well be the main course of a light meal. Here is one version:

On each plate, have two or three slender strips of cold roast beef, flanked by a hearty piece of lettuce, some cooked runner beans, a quartered skinned tomato, two chopped anchovy fillets and several capers and black olives. Make a dressing of four parts olive oil, one part tarragon vinegar, the juice of a small clove of garlic squeezed through a garlic press, and salt and pepper to taste. Add a little chopped parsley, chives, lovage and fresh sage. (I take these herbs from my window-boxes). Spoon this over the ingredients on the plates just before taking them to table.

Large GLOBE ARTICHOKEs from Brittany have been with us for some time. Our home-produced ones are now here. They are not so big, which is all to the good, because the jumbo ones have advanced a little too far and their "chokes" have taken too much sustenance from the "fonds." These artichokes are not everybody's vegetable, but for those who like them, they do introduce variety when we are at a point when the best of the summer's other vegetables are about to depart. I remember a Surrey garden where globe artichokes grew to a height of over six feet and where

they were much admired because of their huge purple thistle-like flowers. The artichokes never appeared at table! Their main function was to screen the vegetable garden from a middle lawn.

Choose medium-sized ones with fresh firm stumps (the short stalks left on). Cut them off fairly close and trim the tops of the leaves and the lower ones. Place them, heads down, in cold water, leave for up to an hour, then drain well. Lower into salted water to which a little lemon juice or vinegar has been added to make sure that the *fonds* are a good colour when they reach the table. Boil for 20 to 25 minutes. To test, pull off a leaf with a piece of kitchen paper between the thumb and finger. The tenderness of the base will decide the ready-to-serve state.

Serve hot with melted butter or Hollandaise or Mousseline sauce. Or, when not quite cold, with an oil and vinegar dressing. This "not-quite-cold" stage means a better flavour. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that the difference between "not quite cold" and cold is that between liking and disliking this pleasant vegetable.

Finally STRING BEANS AMANDINE from the recently published *James Beard's Treasury of Outdoor Cooking* (£3 10s.), an excellent American book distributed here by Paul Hamlyn, Ltd. "Melt 6 tablespoons of sweet (unsalted) butter in a saucepan. Add ½ cup of slivered almonds and allow them to take on a golden colour very slowly. Add 2 cups of cooked string beans—fresh or canned—and toss well before serving."



Colours unlimited swamp the choice of what to put on the lips. It needs an electronic brain to rate the subtle variations between plain pink and red. And a lipstick doesn't become a bestseller just because of a pretty name—it spirals up the sales charts because it does more for more people than anything else they've tried.

Elizabeth Arden have had a bestseller on their hands ever since they introduced Golden Apricot last November. It looks just the way it sounds, is equally good looking in summer or winter. In the same colour family is their new Canary, scheduled for September—an easy to wear orange with a sympathetic warm tone. Tip for sore lips: their 8 hour cream soothes lips which are oversensitive.

Dior have those subtle variations that make a lipstick memorable. Their number 00 gives a see-through sheen that looks marvellous on sun-browned lips. No. 60 has a coffee ice gleam. Bestsellers tend to the orangeade family—34 and 3 too are bought heavily.

Helena Rubinstein lip colours are always bang on the fashionable trend—Rose Aurore has outpaced its competitors to become their bestseller. Their new Fashionstick shape in lipsticks is like a chunky pencil with a ball-point tip. Sound sense for sensitive lips is the barrier lipstick for the allergy prone.

Yardley lipsticks, cased in a handsome hunk of gilt, are specially formulated with the English woman in mind. Their bestseller is Flashpoint which is somewhere between pink and red with a fiery flash to it.

Lancôme have a range to set fingers itching because they all look so delectable and sit on the lips with a groomed, glossy finish. Top seller is Rose de France—perfect against a cool English skin.

Revlon have a kaleidoscopic colour kit to suit every fickle colour preference. The name that makes a bestseller here is Persian Melon.

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

Clock watching

ENJOYMENT AS WELL AS KNOWLEDGE CAN BE derived from browsing through books that mention clocks. Doing this recently, I was fascinated by an entry in *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates* that described a clepsydra, or water-clock, which was introduced at Rome in 158 B.C. Clocks have been known to exist, therefore, for many hundreds of years, but according to the *Concise Encyclopaedia of Antiques* it is a matter of conjecture when the first clock came into use. All, however, seem to assume that the earliest and simplest mechanical clock was evolved during the 13th century.

Though the golden age of English clock-making may be said to extend only through the last quarter of the 17th century and the first decade of the 18th, worthy clocks were made right up to the 1800s. It is, of course, to the early period that the great masters such as Tompion, Joseph Knibb and Edward East belong. During the same period Quare, who in 1708 was Master of the Clockmakers' Company, Henry Jones and Etherington were also contributing notable but slightly lesser works. Tompion is a name to conjure with and his clocks may realize prices that can reach into the £2,000 margin, but it is possible to secure a fine clock from the "golden age" by one of the lesser makers, or by one with less "snob" appeal, for a substantially lower figure.

The progression of English clockmaking follows a fairly clearly defined course, and an example of an early—though not the earliest—style of bracket clock is illustrated (top). This has an ebonized case with a gilt brass basket top and was made about 1690 by the celebrated maker Daniel Quare, who incidentally was also known as a maker of barometers. Like many old English bracket clocks, this one is provided with repeating mechanism; if a cord at the side of the case is pulled the clock strikes the appropriate hours and quarters—a very useful adjunct before the days of artificial illumination. The clock also strikes the hours in the usual fashion. The date is shown in the small aperture on the dial of this Quare clock, a feature frequently to be found on 17th- and 18th-century clocks.

Top right: A clock with a domed top, or wood "basket," a style that was in vogue slightly earlier than the brass basket, though it continued alongside it. The salient point of this clock, however, is the marquetry case, for though popular in long case clocks, marquetry is far less often seen in bracket clocks. The back plate of the movement is finely engraved with tulips and poppies and the clock, provided with pull-repeat mechanism, has a date aperture. It was made by George Etherington, who was Master of the Clockmakers' Company the year following Quare.

To maintain the succession I have chosen, to illustrate the next style, a clock made by Gardner in London in about 1760 (right). The first thing that should be noticed is that the dial is no longer square but arched, and the proportions of the case have changed accordingly. This ebonized case has brass mounts and side frets, and houses a musical chime; a minuet or gavotte being played at the hour and an eight-bell chime at the quarters.



Mahogany was seldom used for bracket clocks until the last 30 years of the 18th century, and was then most often used with the so-called "bell-top" style of case seen in the clock made by Normand Macpherson of Edinburgh, illustrated below right. Some clocks of this date show a marked falling-off in quality from the high standard of earlier years, but this Scottish one has a finish, from the fine engraving on the back plate of the movement to the chased and gilt mounts on the dial, worthy of an earlier period. In addition to the usual features of date aperture and an aperture for the "mock pendulum" and strike/silent lever in the subsidiary dial on the left, it has in the other subsidiary dial a front regulator that enables the owner to regulate the clock without turning it round to gain access to the pendulum. This is an example of a good clock which can be had for a fraction of the price of one by Tompion.

The clocks illustrated are from the collection of Mr. Camerer Cuss of New Oxford Street.



MOTORING

Dudley Noble

The evolving Volvo

MY AUNT MAY BE GETTING ON IN YEARS, BUT SHE does appreciate the good points of the cars I have for test. When she got into the Volvo sports coupé—the new P.1800 model—she went into raptures over the seats. Luxurious armchair seats with leather upholstery are comfortable and make one feel at ease immediately. Car manufacturers should pay more attention to comfort. If Volvo can, so can all the others. It's a big selling point. Though the P.1800 was announced by Volvo some time ago, it has only recently become available in Britain, even though this model has been assembled here, at West Bromwich by Jensen Motors, with a body made by the Pressed Steel Co. in Scotland. There are many British components in it, too, for the Swedish motor industry has to rely on various European manufacturers to give them the accessories they need. The carburetter is by S.U. and other items from this country include Girling brakes, Smiths' instruments and Laycock-de Normanville overdrive. The engine, however, is Volvo's own, a four-cylinder unit of 1780 c.c. which develops 100 b.h.p., has a five-bearing crankshaft and gives the car a speed of more than 100 m.p.h. If fed on the best petrol its 9½ to 1 compression ratio does not set up pinking except under great provocation and keeps consumption at around 28 miles to the

gallon. There are four gears, all with synchromesh, and an overdrive to top giving a fast cruising rate.

The layout of the Volvo is normal, that is to say it has a front mounted engine which drives the back wheels. Suspension is by coil springs all round, with independent front wheel springing and a live rear axle; it is comfortable at all speeds and gives steady, roll-free cornering without tyre squeal. The brakes—discs at the front and drums at the rear—are really powerful. The vibrationless running is partly due to a divided propeller shaft with centre bearing held in sound-insulating rubber blocks.

The rakish-looking two-door body is typical of Gran Turismo practice; its wide doors call for careful opening when the car is up against the pavement. I missed the usual cubby hole in the dash; there is no parcels shelf under it, but a pair of metal pockets are provided in the scuttle. Behind the front seats is an upholstered bench, intended more for luggage than for passengers—I doubt whether anyone but a child could sit on it. Part of the luggage boot's capacity is occupied by the spare wheel. Combined lap straps and diagonal sash type safety belts, fitted as standard, are kept off the floor by clipping on to buttons on the side window pillars when not in use. The P.1800 sells here for £1,836 including tax.

Donald Campbell evidently means business with his rebuilt *Bluebird*, and intends to have a go at the world's land speed record next April or May. At present this still stands to the credit of the late John Cobb at 394 m.p.h., but the speed potential of Campbell's 5,000 b.h.p. turbine engined monster, being prepared for shipment to Australia at the end of this year, seems to be a good deal greater. When I spoke to him a week or so ago, Donald told me that the new course which he is to utilize at Lake Eyre in South Australia will offer those vital few miles over and above what is available at the Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah.

Two years ago when he crashed there the main cause was that violent acceleration was necessary in order to get up speed so as to slow down again within the 11 miles available. To pull up *Bluebird* from even 450 m.p.h. four miles is required, despite the fitting of the most powerful and efficient brakes yet devised. It has cost £1½ million to get the vehicle into being, and make it operational. This has all been put up by numerous firms concerned with providing components for the British motor industry, including the Owen Organization, Joseph Lucas, David Brown, Tube Investments—some 70 concerns in all. I wish him—and them—all the luck in the world on their 1963 attempt.



The new Volvo P.1800. Models with right-hand steering will be available early next year

MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

The nose has it

TOBACCO HAS COME IN FOR ITS SHARE OF KNOCKS this year. And while nervous smokers have been experimenting with everything from herbal mixtures to filters so effective as to remove even the taste, snuff is enjoying new favour. It has already weathered storms of vituperation in its long history. But snuff-takers can quote Coleridge's *Table Talk*—"You abuse snuff! Perhaps it is the final cause of the human nose."

Well, what is this final cause of the human nose? Fundamentally, tobacco. Snuff is tobacco leaf and stalk which has been fermented by a solution of salt. Only a small amount of salt is used, an amount that is strictly controlled by law. After some weeks the fermented tobacco is milled and perfumed. The result is snuff. It is divided into two types—dry, made principally from tobacco stalk, and moist, made from the leaves as well.

But more goes to the making of snuff than tobacco and salt. Great skill is needed to produce satisfactory blends and perfume them subtly with attar of roses, bergamot or jasmine.

It is difficult to write more than these 170 words about snuff without mentioning Fribourg & Treyer. They have been selling high quality snuff from their bow-windowed shop in the Haymarket for 240 years. Their recipes for the world-famous blends they sell are known only to the head of the firm

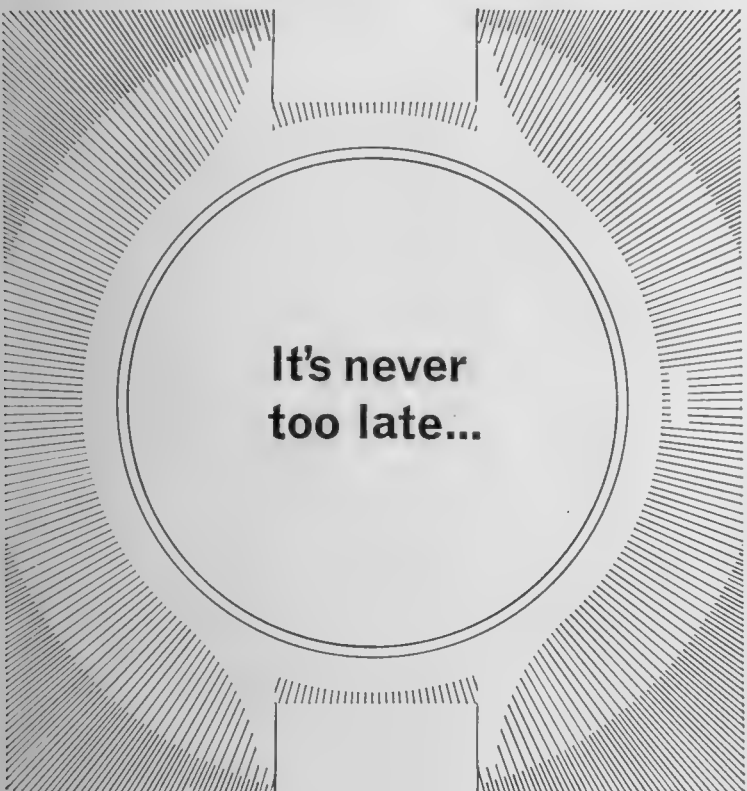
and passed on to his successor. It's one of the most delightful shops in London; it boasts a glazed screen by the Adam brothers, scales, cigar lighters (they sell *all* the forms of tobacco) and shelves deeply grooved by the movement of snuff jars. Two weeks ago I wrote about the pleasures of 19th-century packaging, and cited the label on Fribourg & Treyer's 2-oz. presentation jar as a superb example; prices for this packaging vary from 18s. 6d. to 31s. 6d. according to the blend preferred. The paraphernalia of snuff is also available—snuff handkerchiefs, for example, of fine Irish lawn, are available in polka dot or Paisley designs, brown, gold, red, blue or green for only half-a-crown. Snuff spoons in hall-marked silver, rat-tail pattern, for 9s. 6d. And snuff-boxes, absolutely essential; the cheapest boxes are pewter, oval or oblong, plain or embossed, at 37s. 6d., a plain silver curved modern box costs eight guineas. Fribourg & Treyer also sell antique boxes from £7 7s. upwards—quite a step upwards, as some are gold.

As to what snuff is taken from the boxes, tastes vary as much as for wine. Almost all of Fribourg & Treyer's snuffs are blended from old recipes, but at least one is of modern origin—Asthoroth, suggested by Dr. James Robertson Justice. It has a new base, being compounded from Latakia tobacco. The plant is a few inches high, all

of it is used except the roots, and the tobacco is cured for six months over osier fires. Jasmine is used to perfume the result, which has a distinctive tarry flavour. Two other recent inventions are Morlaix of above average perfume, and Seville, dry and piquant.

Snuff is romantically named. Santo Domingo, for instance, is a purely Havana snuff, suggested by the acquisition of a lead canister labelled "Old Havana Snuff, brought by Admiral Pococke after the siege of Havana in 1762." Other evocative names are Macouba, Masulipatam, Old Paris (approved by Brummell), Bordeaux, Dieppe, and Etrenne (a modern snuff with a carnation aroma), Princes Mixture, and the Brown and Black Rappes. One of my favourites is High Dry Toast, dry, almost powdery, with a slightly nutty flavour. Its forerunners were discovered almost by accident when some tobacco was burned in a Dublin factory fire and later sold for snuff.

The taking of snuff has increased seven-fold since before the war, and although traditionally tailors, printers, churchmen, doctors, actors, and, as in my case, writers are staunch friends of snuff, the habit of taking a pinch is common to all classes, ages and to both sexes. A miniature sample tin of Fribourg & Treyer's snuff costs only 2s. 11d., postage paid. A reasonably priced entrée to a very old pleasure.



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Cudden—Patmore: Wendy, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Eric Cudden, of Wilmington Square, Eastbourne, was married to David, son of Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Patmore, of Barton-le-Willows, York, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street. Bridesmaids: Miss Deirdre Cudden, and Miss Daphne Dwyer. The page was Peter Weyer-Brown and the best man Mr. Derry Patmore



Groves—Gage: Penelope Mary, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. J. D. Groves, of Cole Hanley Manor, Whitchurch, Hants, was married to William, son of His Honour Judge Gage & Mrs. Gage, of Fruit Hill, Widdington, Essex, at St. Mary Bourne, Hants



Pennant—Farr: Phillippa, daughter of the Rev. & Mrs. P. V. R. Pennant, The Vicarage, Blyth, Notts, was married to Bryan, son of the late Capt. John Farr, and of Mrs. Farr, of Worksoy Manor, Worksoy, Notts, at Blyth church



Anson—Wauchope: Vanessa, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Anson and of Mrs. Anson of Albion Mews, W.2, was married to John Edward Robert, son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. C. E. Wauchope, of Sandhill House, Rogate, Sussex, at St. Mary's, Harting, Sussex



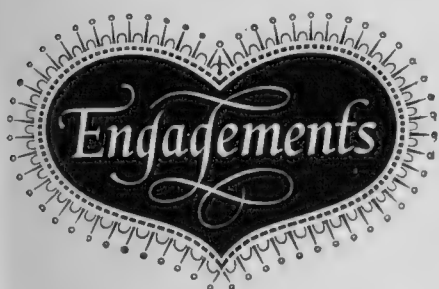
Miss Patricia Mary Perkin to Mr. Martin Henry Luke: *She* is the daughter of the late Mr. John Perkin, and of Mrs. Perkin, of Wheatley Street, London, W.1. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. E. E. Luke, of Orchard Cottage, Wellington, Somerset



Miss Penelope Ada Durant to Mr. Brian Christopher Wharton: *She* is the daughter of the late Mr. F. de Carteret Durant, and Mrs. de Carteret Durant, of London Road, St. Albans, Herts. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. P. D. Wharton, of Greton, Northants



Miss Lindsay Garrett Anderson to Mr. Robert Trench Fox: *She* is the daughter of Sir Donald & Lady Anderson, of The Manor, Notgrove, Gloucestershire. *He* is the son of the late Mr. Waldo Trench Fox, and of Mrs. Trench Fox, of Penjerrick, Falmouth



Miss Deborah Caroline Fuggles-Couchman to Mr. Raymond Cazalet: *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robin Fuggles-Couchman, of The Sanctuary, Cuckfield, Sussex. *He* is the son of Vice-Admiral Sir Peter & Lady Cazalet, of Forest Cottage, Duddleswell Manor, Sussex



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